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SALE TO MINORS
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A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE



SWEDISH EROTICA



Erotic . . . or adult films have become an integral part of the viewing habits of the American public . . . as attested to by the millions of people who have seen Deep Throat and the many other films shown in theaters across the nation. In addition to these . . . hundreds of thousands of people have home projectors so that they may view 8mm adult films in the privacy of their own homes.

In the midst of all the controversy as to the legality of these films . . . many experts in marriage counselling and psychiatry have recommended these films as being therapeutic in improving the relationship of many couples with sexual problems.

It is not the intent of the publishers of this publication to condemn . . . condone . . . judge . . . or recommend these films. However . . . in view of the fact that we firmly believe that the First Amendment guarantees the right of the freedom of expression and consequently the right of the public to view or read any material in the privacy of their homes . . . we have compiled a review of some of the films we feel have been produced professionally for the entertainment and edification of mature adults.

When the consumer purchases any product in large quantities . . . he or she is entitled to be informed regarding that product.

Through television, satellites, space probes and jets . . . the world is getting smaller and smaller. Mores and morals are changing with the times and people are learning from each other. Many countries are now taking sex education and sex itself out of the stigma of taboo. It is time for the people to view it . . . read about it . . . and discuss it . . . and then form their own judgments.

THREE WAY SPLIT — #60

The exotic adventures of Long John Holmes continues in this erotic classic entitled **THREE WAY SPLIT**, and as the film unfolds we can't help but wonder with amazement at

that piece of thirteen inch meat with which he is endowed. Stiff as a board I, for one, know I'd rather not be mugged over the head with it in some deserted area of a dark park.

But the girls . . . ah those luscious lovelies of all ages who have sampled his monstrous tool; drool at the very sight of the purple headed dragon; hoping, wishing for the slightest sample of it's formidable promises. Should any lucky girl have those desires realized, her sex life will never be the same . . . few, if any, can resist the temptation to reach out and grasp his enormous rod in their hands; to suck the love juices from the expanding head; to experience the shaft sunk deep in their loveliness, their moist throbbing cunts, vagina lips lapping, caressing with his every thrust.

Long John Holmes is well known for his longevity in the sexual saddle, and his prowess for immediate seconds, thirds, (*shall I go on*), are ready for any girl who can keep up with the pace.

Dotty and Babs, of this film, are two such girls, lucky girls, I might add, who have been blessed with the attentions of this fantastic man, and his steel-like rod.

Due to the material presented herewith, this film is not for the *faint of heart* . . . better you should watch Mutt and Jeff give it to Little Orphan Annie.







Dotty is the renter of an apartment and a girl who has experienced the love-making of Long John Holmes and his massive organ. It is an experience she cannot help but describe in detail to her girlfriend, Babs, who has come to the apartment for an overnight stay. Bab's legs, thighs can hardly be controlled as she feels that gigantic cock sliding into her. She wishes it were more than her imagination . . . little does she know that the knock on the apartment door is about to bring those dreams into reality.

Long John Holmes, his hardened cock already pressing at the front of his trousers, enters. There is a quick greeting, but Dotty only screams with delight in expectation of what is about to take place and she lets no second go by to fulfill those expectations. Bab's amazed at how quickly Dotty strips the man and has that shaft deep inside her. But this is too much for Babs who has, for a brief moment, been playing with herself. She jumps into the action.



Dotty has taken the shaft from her pussy and stuffed the throbbing head-muscle into her mouth . . . she bends into the motion of going back and forth on it while Babs, seeing that there is much more left over, slams herself on the bed and takes the rest of the beam between her own teeth and lips . . . she matches Dotty stroke for stroke until Long John's juices spit over Dotty's lips; she tries not to waste a drop, but there is so much.

One might think it all stopped there. But I've already indicated the longevity of the man, and he lives up to that promise. He pulls Babs down in front of him and jams the tool into her . . . deep inside to his very balls . . . but the balls are left clear for Dotty to tongue and suck; to probe for those

secrets Dotty had told her about . . . she loved it when the tip of her tongue also found the crease of his ass . . . fact of the matter, she quivered all over with her thighs sucking at the sheets.

Babs had to have that cock in her. She'd never seen such a great wang. She had never had such a shaft inside her. It had to be forced. She knew it would have to be forced. Would she need some form of lubricant? To hell with it! She would take it just as it was. But even at that, she didn't expect what she really got. Long John Holmes, true to his reputation, pulled her body around, got her on her knees and he jammed it in from the rear. She squealed, but it was a squeal of delight, and she was sure it was going in from the rear and that







it would come out through her throat. To hell with it! She wanted that fuck and the fantastic man gave her what she wanted . . . her tits throbbed so hard they rocked the bed below her . . . but even that intense sensation was increased as Dotty found Babs' nipples with her own set of hot lips. Long John Holmes took care of one end, the throbbing, moist, sucking cunt, while Dotty gave complete satisfaction to the firm tits; ripe nipples.

The climax for all came again and again. The screams and the groans, and the sizzling of their breaths filled the room . . . The coverlet of the bed was wet with their sweat . . . it would cool their bodies for a time . . . but all three knew it was a long day into night and Long John Holmes would be ready when they were. ●





PIER PASSION—#20
Part 1

Long John Holmes is on the prowl again, and with a friend. They quickly locate two beautiful and horny young girls at the beach. John wastes no time getting his girl into a motel where he fills her waiting mouth with his enormous tool. Then he rams it up inside her, and when that isn't enough, he goes in the "backdoor." That's too much for John and he covers her with liquid passion! And there's more to come!



PIER PASSION—#21
Part 2

This exciting segment takes up where the first part left off, as John can't get enough of this insatiable chick. So, with hardly any rest he starts in again. She quickly and sensuously brings him to a new state of readiness which he plunges deep inside her waiting orifices. The explosive ending of this fantastic film leaves them both limp, but happy, and John ends it all by washing her off with a "Golden Shower!"



THREE FACES OF SEX—#61

The college dormitories for girls have been a notorious breeding grounds for the lesbian element in the world, or rather the most interesting place for a girl to find out which

way she is going in life. Not all of the girls who have had lesbian experiences continue on in this vein, just as well as we might say that also many of them don't give up the prac-

tice.

Colleges are for learning, and learning is what these girls do. Girls, as well as boys, learn more about sex in their school days than they generally do in their later years in life.

Jane, Dee and Princess are three girls depicted in just such a roll in the film **THREE FACES OF SEX**. If anyone is interested in what three girls can do when they are alone and horny, this is the film for their library, to be shown and reshown over and over.

The girls rise late on a Saturday afternoon. It is apparent they are getting ready for some sort of a social function as they lay out their clothes in preparation and chit-chat about what will happen to them during the course of the evening. Which leads them to the question of who is going to use the bathroom first. No one can come to any definite decision, so more as a joke than anything else, they all decide to take the shower at the same time.

All goes well as they soap each other . . . hands over each other's breasts, caressing between their legs, soaping up the soft pubic hairs, the lips of their vaginas which seem to twinkle then snap back at the fingers which are probing





there.

Suddenly there comes a remarkable change over the girls. Each searches the other. Then their eyes fasten on titties, on the muff regions . . . the crack of their fannies . . . the surging of a sexual feeling enfolds their bodies. For a moment it looks like they might forget the whole idea, one being afraid that the other might not be interested. But in reality they have all come to the same silent understanding at the same time.

The water is turned on heavier, and they are washed clean of the soap. It is Jane who goes down on her knees in front of Dee as the first of the encounters begin.

But the shower stall is much too constricted for their freedom of movement. They quickly get out of the bath and head for the bedroom. Princess pauses long enough to take two gigantic dildos from a dresser drawer. She goes to the bed where Dee and Jane have already started with a

head to crotch position. Princess turns them over on their side and with greased dildos she begins to place one into each of the other girl's pussies . . . They mutter in delight. It is a long spread for Princess' arms but she manages to work each of the dildoes back and forth into the girl.

Both Dee and Jane explode within themselves, then roll over. Princess has straddled herself over Jane's face and then she lowers her body until Princess' face is enclosed be-



tween the soft, tender legs, her tongue searching through the silk hairs which have momentarily hidden Jane's clit. It doesn't remain hidden long. Dee in the meantime pushes the dildo into her own cunt and works it back and forth, then pulls the one from Jane's cunt, which had remained there from before. All the time working her own dildo, her eyes fasten on the glistening object in her hand. She lifts it to her lips and then inserts it into her mouth. She licks it like a banana which she had used on other occasions before she had acquired the dildo.

Whatever they were going to do on that Saturday night out was completely forgotten at that point. They were lost in their own enjoyment with hands on breasts, clits and the sliding of their bodies over each other. Each had a turn at licking the fresh cunt juice from the dildoes, then they were inserted into another and the







same thing happened all over again until each had a taste of what the other was like.

Finally Jane stood up on the bed while Dee slid the dildo up into her. Princess, at the same time put her dildo into Dee's mouth, while both these girls,

still remaining stretched out on the bed finger-fucked themselves.

They would change partners from time to time. They would become exhausted, return to the showers, then go back to the bed again. They

would put on their stockings and garter belts thinking they really might make it out to their social function, but the stockings and garter belts were as far as they got in dressing. What they could do undressed was much more pleasing. ●



GEISHA ON THE GINZA—#43

An American girl and a Polynesian girl work in a dress shop in the well-known Ginza section of Tokyo. A beautiful Japanese girl wants to try on a kimono and the two girls lead her to a dressing room in the back. They undress her and begin fondling her as their passions rise. The horny Japanese girl literally eats it up, as all three undress in a lustful frenzy. They make expert use of a dildo and explore hidden crevasses with fingers and tongues. This fantastic orgy ends in a trio of climaxes that the viewer will not soon forget.



THE ARCHITECT—#44

A pair of lovely young girls feel that the apartment they share could stand a bit of basic redesigning. After studying the problem they call a friend of theirs, played by Long John Holmes, who is an architect. At his suggestion they go to his place where he keeps a studio, so they can go over some plans. But John has other plans for them. He takes them right to his bedroom for the view, and then shows them his best design. '13 inches of high-rise action! They love it and him, in all possible ways! This is a John Holmes classic!



THE HITCHHIKER — #66

Shirl, an extremely lovely young lady from the farm lands of Ohio has decided that that sort of life was not for her, she, her body to be more exact, rated more than the drudgery

of farm chores, so she starts out on her own. She has very little funds, so the only way to get where she's going (and she doesn't quite know where that is), is to hitchhike. And there

we have the intro to THE HITCHHIKER.

Lovely Shirl has ride after ride and with each new driver the sexual passes become more pronounced. She knows that she will probably give in sooner or later, but all the characters she had met so far were kooks she wanted nothing to do with. The last of her rides was the worst of all . . . his greasy hands up under her fuzzy sweater felt like talons which had been greased for the occasion. She slapped the guy's face; he slapped her back then lugged her out on the highway *almost* in the middle of nowhere.

Almost is underlined here because just a short distance from the edge of the road is a small but neat cabin.

More than two hours go by and the next ride is not in sight. She is getting tired and hungry. She wanted to cry and might have done just that when the door to the cabin opened and a handsome young lad (Tom) frames himself in the doorway. He has seen her plight and tells her so. He invites her for a cool drink and something to eat (little does she suspect what that something to eat is). She readily accepts. She is hot and wishes she could change from the







sweater to a cooler blouse.

After the cool drink, she mentions this to Tom and could she use the bathroom to change? Why the bathroom? Sure . . . why the bathroom? She'd been through it all. What was the use? She peeled off the sweater and her youthful boobs stuck out hot and hungry before the eyes of the suddenly sex lusty man. She didn't fight him off when his hands took her titties roughly into his own. Fact of the matter was she rather liked it, as well as she liked the handsome young man.

Someway he got his trousers off, the only garment he was wearing, and she looked down to see his mammoth tool looking up at her with throbbing intensity . . . demanding attention. The sight was like a punch in the gut, but a delightful one. She'd take him if he wanted . . . and he wanted.



She had heard from some school girlfriends what the word blow-job meant, so she wasn't completely at a loss when Tom pushed her down in front of him. For a moment she kept her lips tightly clenched, but the force of the head of his prick against them made keeping them closed impossible. Strangely enough she liked it. He knew that she was new at blow-jobbing, so he took her head in his hands and slowly ushered it back and forth. She got the idea! He didn't have to use his hands for any length of time. But she was so expert and tender, sexually fantastic that he blew his wad before he knew what had happened.

Shirl thought that was the end of it but it wasn't. He wanted to experience the rest of the charms of her youthful

body. He wanted to lay her in every position that he or she could dream up. But he had to take the initiative because she was nearly a virgin in such affairs.

He took her shyness as complete acceptance, and even if she didn't know it at the time she was fully accepting the man and the thing between his legs.

She didn't really know if she liked it when he rolled her over on her side and shoved it in from behind. It didn't seem to go in far enough for the pleasures she thought might be there from that direction. Ohhhh, it was much better when he did it to her dog fashion, with her up on her hands and knees. He took her a long time that way. In fact she really didn't want him to stop.









Once more he put her down on her back and entered her from the front. It was much too common. She didn't like common things. She didn't like it that way at all. She pulled the wet rod from her sugar pot and took it into her mouth again. She found she loved the taste of herself. But that was soon gone because of her lapping tongue. She put it back in again, but as she did so, she rolled around so that they faced each other. This was better. It got better and better all the time. Then he permitted her to get back up on her hands and knees again . . . And this would be the last contact for the pair. They had had it in every way they knew. Perhaps there was more the guy and his guitar could teach her, but this was it . . . she was worn out . . . and the highway had become busy . . . and she knew now she could get a ride to the next town, and that the cool sunset would let her body cool off. Tom looked like he could have cried when she finally said goodbye . . . And so did this reviewer. ●

THE WORKMAN—#48

Riding her bike home from school one day a voluptuous young girl fails to notice the admiring glance cast at her by an attractive young construction worker. He can't resist and follows her home, where she is sunbathing by the pool. The sight is too much for him and he makes his presence known. She is surprised but likes his looks. One thing leads to another and soon they are rolling by the pool, his tongue reaching the inner depths of her pulsating womanhood. Then he quickly takes her, and soon, consumed by the impending crescendo of pleasure, she uses her full lips to bring him to the wet ending he so desperately sought!



THE ELEVATOR—#49

A harried businessman bids his family goodbye as he leaves for work. He is joined in the apartment elevator by a neighbor — beautiful, brunette and single. The elevator gets stuck, and while they are waiting for a repairman the heat becomes stifling. She can't stand it and undresses; and watching her, he can't stand it either! It doesn't take long for them to get it on, as they engage in all kinds of delightful explicit sex games. One floor above, the serviceman has fixed the elevator, and he proves it with a surprise ending that will both shock and amuse you!



THE MOUNTAIN CABIN — #55

The studio kept the wraps on **THE MOUNTAIN CABIN** all the time it was shooting, being edited and then for another four months before we could even see the stills. The

whole affair was some kind of mystery which sent reviewers to anybody who might have the slightest information. But the security around the Swedish Erotica production Company

was as tight as the security around plans for the Atomic Bomb, or the Titan Missile.

Why? The question strained at all our imaginations to the point three martinis were not enough before dinner. But all good things come to he who waits. SEPC had discovered a young, new sex beauty and no one was going to find out anything about her until they had her tied to an ironbound contract. But we also learned that she had made her first film, **THE MOUNTAIN CABIN** during that waiting period before the contract signing.

We can now tell all! **CANDIS** is her name. And what a body . . . luscious titties simply oozing with sexual stimulation. The nipples, perfectly formed and tipped exactly in the right tones of pink, staring straight up at the balls of any man she knelt before. And who was she destined to kneel before? None other than SEPC's super stud-star, Long John Holmes. Here was a two-some which couldn't be beat for any amount of money.

With a marvelous mountain cabin living room, and a cozy fire for the basic setting, and Long John standing proud and tall with his enormous penis sticking straight out in front of him before the fire, then add





the vivacious, glamorous, exotic, golden pussied Candis and we have an unforgettable scene in itself. Then the camera begins to roll and Candis takes the iron-stiff, fantastic cock into her mouth and begins to rotate her tongue around the penis head. Her lips grip it tightly and her cheeks become deep hollows as she sucks her breath and his prick into her mouth . . . into her throat . . . there is no slurping sounds, only the crackling of the fire behind them. Her mouth slides easily back and forth, her tongue lapping, the delightful saliva dripping from the space of his shaft where her lips have recently encompassed. She takes the entire rod, a feat never before encountered by Long John's rod. It appears even he doesn't believe it, but as his hand goes to the back of her head and her forward and backward movements increase, he doesn't give a damn whatever has happened before. This is now and it is happening to him and he loves every moment of the affair, the sensations that have captured his frame.









He doesn't want the sensation to come for the moment even though he knows it would only be seconds until he could be ready for any kind of service again . . . but even that second's hesitation would be too long. He pulls the head of his prick from her mouth and just as quickly dives his tongue, almost as long as his dick, into her cut, while her hand softly, lovingly caresses the shaft to keep it alive and throbbing, but not so as to bring his jism on . . . But she does not have the strength of mind over matter as Long John does. She bounces one great jolt, then another and another, and yet another and his tongue laps at the sweet juices which flowed so swiftly, so deliciously through the valley between her silken love-hairs . . . She still makes no sound, but it is quite apparent she wants him to put that tool, slip it slowly, fully into her cunt. There is only that faint, fleeting moment as their eyes meet and Long John leads his arrow into the valley of no return . . . would anyone want to return from the perfumed regions where dreams are made?

Her entire body accepts his movements with movements in a rhythm of her own making

... one, I might add as your reviewer, that will leave few dry drawers in the audience, and I guarantee thoughts to movements of their own. But on the screen the climax is near. Both feel the excitement passing between them. They clutch closer, tighter, ever tighter together. The tide of love passes violently between them and in one quick sudden move, Candis pulls away. She naps her body around to take the throbbing head back into her mouth just as the juices flow. Her hands squeeze at Long John's balls. She presses one, then the other, and continually repeats the motion as

the gigantic purple head expands to its fullest, threatening with every second to explode in her mouth. But she doesn't waver in her attack at the entire shaft.

Then it's there! His juice spills into her mouth, throat, over her lips, down across his shaft and drifts down through the mounds of her beautiful breasts. It will continue down over her stomach and soon to be lost in her golden pubic hairs. One of her hands reaches down and a finger pushes what is left of the cum into her lovely pussy ... WOW, say!! ●









ORGY IN LEATHER — #37

Two sexy girls are spending a quiet afternoon catching up on some reading. One is reading an explicit sex manual while the other leafs through a leather goods catalog. They decide to order some leather accessories. The next week their order comes in the mail and the girls eagerly try on the assorted merchandise. A young man walking outside sees them and they beckon him in to show off their leather. The man is duly impressed and the three horny people in-exhaustibly engage in an eye-popping orgy that leaves the viewer limp.



THE DREAMER — #50

A gorgeous blonde is having a hard time keeping her mind on the bath she is taking, because her thoughts keep going back to the night before when she and her boyfriend made wild passionate love in her apartment. As though to recapture the rapturous pleasure of that encounter, her hands stray beneath the soapy water until they touch her sensitive point of womanhood. Soon the delicate lough becomes a desperate grope as she sends herself into orgasmic orbit. We see her oblivious to everything as she gets closer to climax, and we also see the erotic dream she is fantasizing about. Which is the most real? We'll leave that up to the lucky viewer to decide!

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